

CDC

STRANGE
SUSPENSE STORIES

No 18

18

STRANGE

SUSPENSE STORIES

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDER-WEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. Guaranteed to give you up to an extra pound a day! Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're underweight* . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no

dangerous drugs . . . you eat it like candy! Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain 4-way MORE-WATE tablets . . . a full 10 days' supply . . . for just \$1.00 or a 30 day supply for only \$2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and weight to gain! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads

Not one child yet has failed to go far and ask far more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wall-flower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight!

10-DAY SUPPLY \$1. ONLY

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are unconditionally guaranteed to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet! It contains vitamin B-12 . . . the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals . . . It contains iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B1 . . . and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of being wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight. Now you can help your food to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want . . . or don't pay anything. Act now!



SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. 248

318 Morhet Street, Newark, N. J.

Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

NAME ADDRESS

CITY STATE

☐ Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for \$2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

Published bimonthly by Charlton Comics Group, Executive offices as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Derby, Conn. Price Charlton Comics Group.

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STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ATOMIC MOUSE * COWBOY WESTERN HEROES * CRIME AND JUSTICE * FUNNY ANIMALS
EHI dig this crazy comic * HAUNTED * HOT RODS AND RACING CARS * ZOO FUNNIES
LASH LARUE WESTERN * ROCKY LANE WESTERN * THE THING * SIX-GUN HEROES
ROMANTIC STORY * SCIENCES-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES * STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
SWEETHEARTS * TEX RITTER WESTERN * TRUE LIFE SECRETS * TV TEENS

IT WAS AN INCREDIBLE MYSTERY THAT BAFFLED THE CITIZENS OF TWIN PINES...A PUZZLE THAT DROVE ZACH MARROW TO THE EDGE OF MADNESS. EVERYONE IN TOWN WAS FASCINATED BY THE WEIRD ENIGMA BUT, MOST OF ALL, ZACH YEARNED TO SOLVE THE GROTESQUE RIDDLE OF...

What was in Sam Dora's Box?

FROM THE LOOKS OF THIS BLOODY KNIFE, ZACH'S BUTCHERED SOMEONE! GOTTA GIVE HIM A THIRD-DEGREE...

AFRAID IT'S TOO LATE...ZACH MARROW'S DEAD! AND I THINK I KNOW WHO HIS VICTIM IS! I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT ZACH FINALLY SOLVED THE SECRET OF WHAT'S IN SAM DORA'S BOX!

Y-YOU KNOW WHO HE KILLED, DOC? C'MON... DON'T MAKE A SECRET OF IT!

SOON AS I PUT ON SOME CLOTHES, BOYS. I'LL SHOW YOU THE SCENE OF THE MURDER...AND TELL YOU A GHASTLY STORY WHILE WE'RE GOING THERE!



T-THE OLD SPOONER PLACE, EH? THIS IS WHERE THAT CREEPY SAM DORA STAYED, ISN'T IT?

YEP...EVER SINCE HE CAME TO TOWN SIX MONTHS AGO, I OUGHT TO KNOW...I SENT THE LETTER THAT BROUGHT HIM TO TWIN PINES. SOON AS I CATCH MY BREATH I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT!





"AS I PLODDED TOWARD THE MOULDERING OLD SPOONER PLACE WITH NUMBED FOOTSTEPS, I BEGAN TO SPEAK OF THE MOMENT SIX MONTHS BEFORE, WHEN THE TRAGEDY STARTED. IT WAS LATE AT NIGHT..."

YOU'RE DOC CLEVE, AIN'T YOU? I JUST GOT THIS LETTER YOU SENT...

T-THEN YOU...YOU'RE MARTHA AND FRED SPOONER'S SON! THE ONE WHO WAS SENT AWAY YEARS AGO FOR...UH...OBSERVATION? THE ONE WHO CHANGED HIS NAME TO SAM DORA?



THAT'S ME, ALL RIGHT. JUST PULLED INTO TOWN...

W-WELCOME TO TWIN PINES, SAM. THAT LETTER I SENT YOU...IT WAS YOUR MOTHER'S DYING WISH. COME ON INSIDE...AND DON'T BE AFRAID TO TALK TO ME, SAM. MARTHA AND FRED TOLD ME ALL ABOUT...ER...IT!



"PERHAPS I SHOULD'VE TOLD EVERYONE IN TOWN ABOUT SAM'S SECRET...WARNED THEM...BUT SOMEHOW I COULDN'T FORCE MYSELF TO! IT WAS SO GHASTLY THAT SAM WOULD'VE **KILLED** TO KEEP FOLKS FROM FINDING OUT..."

HE'S ASKING FOR TROUBLE DOC...ALWAYS TOTING THAT FOOL BOX ON HIS SHOULDER! THE KIDS ARE BEGINNING TO CALL HIM THE **CRAZY MAN!**



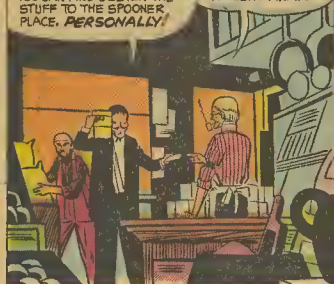
THAT GUY'S BEGINNING TO GET ON MY NERVES...AND THAT WEIRD BOX HE'S ALWAYS CARTING AROUND IS **CREEPY!** WHATTA YOU SUPPOSE HE'S GOT IN THERE?

SEARCH ME! WHATEVER IT IS MUST BE MIGHTY VALUABLE! THE WAY HE DON'T NEVER LET GO OF IT!



HERE'S MY WEEK'S ORDER, MR. CHART! I'LL FILL IT SOON AS YOU CAN AND DELIVER THE STUFF TO THE SPOONER PLACE. **PERSONALLY!**

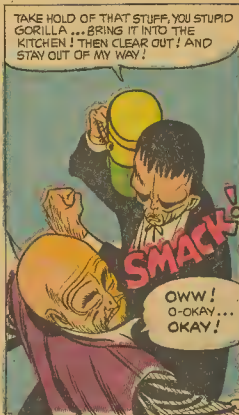
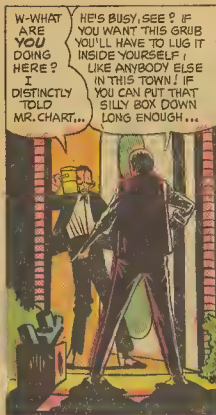
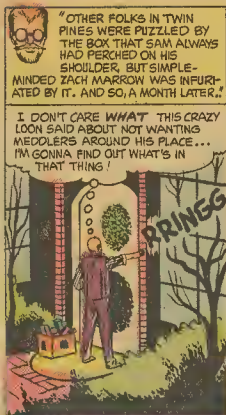
S-SURE, MR. DORA! I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT RIGHT AWAY!



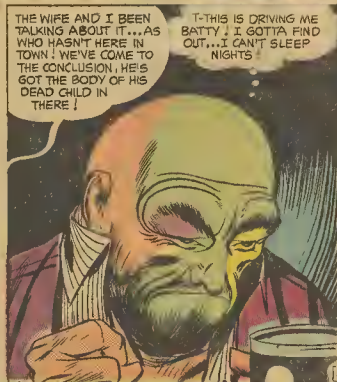
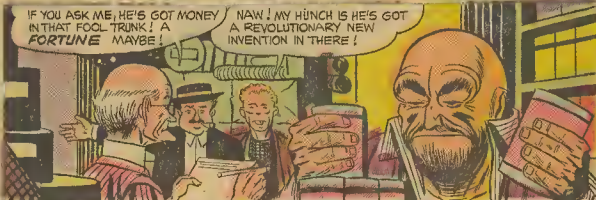
FILL THIS ORDER IMMEDIATELY, ZACH. I'LL RUN IT OVER AS SOON AS IT'S READY.

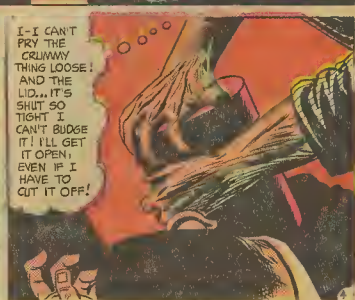
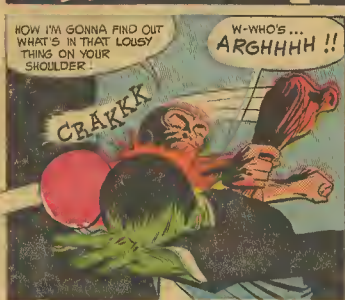
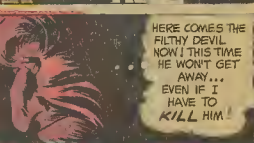
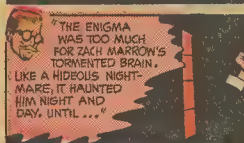
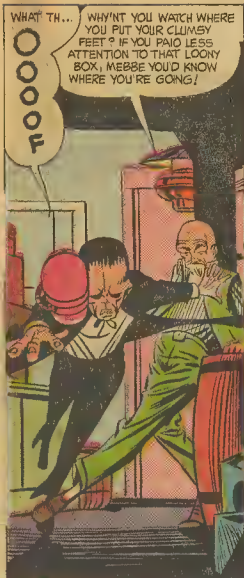
WHO'S THAT GUY THINK HE IS, MR. CHART? I DELIVER ALL YOUR GROCERIES...AIN'T I GOOD ENOUGH FOR THAT ZOMBIE? HE'S GOT SOME NERVE...A NUT LIKE HIM ASKING FOR **PERSONAL SERVICE!**





"THE WEEKS PASSED AND NEVER DID ANYONE SEE SAM DORA WITHOUT THAT WEIRD BOX CLINGING TO HIS SHOULDER. WHILE OTHERS TALKED OCCASIONALLY OF THE MYSTERY, IT OCCUPIED ZACH'S MIND INCESSANTLY..."







"BUT PRECISELY AT THAT MOMENT I CAME ALONG THE STREET, ON A MEDICAL CALL.

IF I HAD KNOWN THE WILD SPASMS OF RAGE TORTURING ZACH MARROW, PERHAPS I MIGHT'VE LET HIM SHARE THE GROTESQUE SECRET I SHARED WITH SAM DORA."

5-SOMEONE COMING! GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!



"MORE AND MORE, THE TOWNSPEOPLE AVOIDED SAM DORA, SPEAKING OF HIM WITH MOUNTING DREAD, IN FRIGHTENED WHISPERS. BUT TO ZACH, THE HORRIBLE BOX HAD BECOME A TORMENT THAT MOCKED HIM AROUND THE CLOCK..."

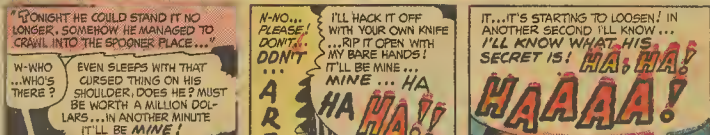
"SAMS HOLING UP IN HIS PLACE AND RARELY VENTURING OUT ANYMORE MUST'VE BEEN THE LAST STRAW TO ZACH. HIS EYES GLITTERED WITH FIERY RAGE AS HE WALKED THE STREETS DAY AND NIGHT..."



AIN'T YOU HAD ENOUGH TO DRINK, ZACH? IT'S BEEN THREE HOURS...

SHUT UP AND BRING ME ... HIC ... ANOTHER BOTTLE!

A CRIME HE'S TRYING TO COVER UP, EH? HA! I'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH! OR MEBBE SOMETHING HE FOUND IN THE SPOONER PLACE... AN INHERITANCE, PROBL'Y!



"TONIGHT HE COULD STAND IT NO LONGER, SOMEHOW HE MANAGED TO CRAWL INTO THE SPOONER PLACE..."

W-WHO ... WHO'S THERE?

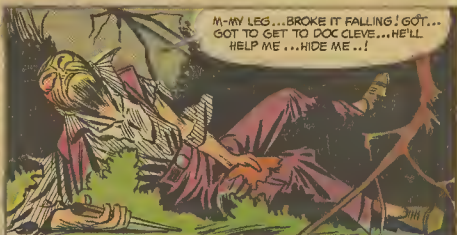
EVEN SLEEPS WITH THAT CURSED THING ON HIS SHOULDER, DOES HE? MUST BE WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS... IN ANOTHER MINUTE IT'LL BE MINE!

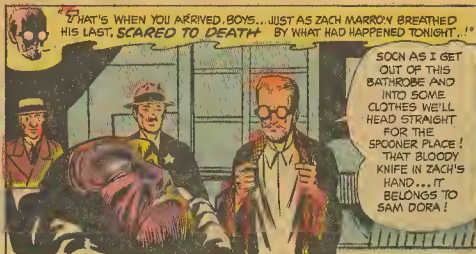
N-NO... PLEASE! DON'T... DON'T... ARGH!

I'LL HACK IT OFF WITH YOUR OWN KNIFE ... RIP IT OPEN WITH MY BARE HANDS! IT'LL BE MINE ... MINE ... HA HA HA!!



IT...IT'S STARTING TO LOOSEN! IN ANOTHER SECOND I'LL KNOW ... I'LL KNOW WHAT HIS SECRET IS! HA, HA! HAAAAA!





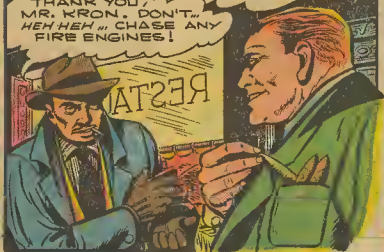
SAM MATCH WAS A "HOT SHOT" IN HIS CHOSEN PROFESSION ... ARSON! THE SKILL WITH WHICH HE BURN'T HIS OBJECTIVES TO THE GROUND — AND THE EXPERTNESS HE EMPLOYED TO ESCAPE DETECTION — MADE HIM RENOWNED AS...

the **MATCHLESS FIREBUG!**



UNTIL LATER, THEN! I'LL HAVE THE CASH READY AND... OH! TRY A GOOD CIGAR, SAM... I SMOKE NOTHING BUT EL REGALO'S! AFTER 7H/5 JOB YOU'LL BE ABLE TO AFFORD THE BEST!

THANK YOU, MR. KRON. DON'T... HEH HEH... CHASE ANY FIRE ENGINES!

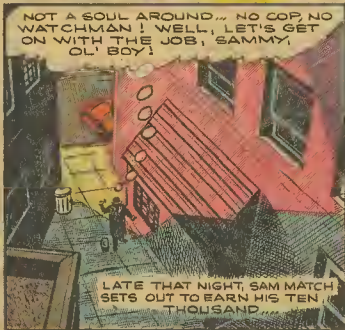


I BURN HIS DUMP TO THE GROUND AND COLLECT A LOUSY TEN G'S... AND THAT BIG DOPE SITS BACK AND POCKETS A QUARTER OF A MILLION! WELL, I'VE BEEN IN THIS BUSINESS LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW HOW TO BURN A CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS!

HMM... SMELLS LIKE A GOOD CIGAR... I'LL SAVE IT FOR A SPECIAL OCCASION.

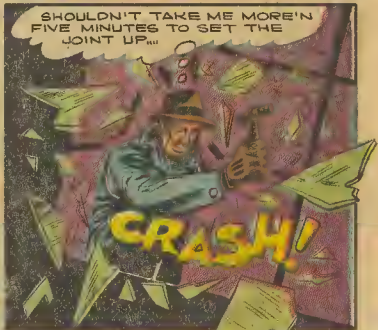


NOT A SOUL AROUND... NO COP, NO WATCHMAN! WELL, LET'S GET ON WITH THE JOB, SAMMY, OL' BOY!



LATE THAT NIGHT, SAM MATCH SETS OUT TO EARN HIS TEN THOUSAND...

SHOULDN'T TAKE ME MORE'N FIVE MINUTES TO SET THE JOINT UP...



WOULDN'T SOME OF THE OTHER TORCHES IN TOWN GIVE THEIR EYE-TEETH TO GET THEIR HANDS ON THIS INCENDIARY MIXTURE I BREWED UP? A LIBERAL COATING OF THIS FLUID AND I COULD SET FIRE TO CONCRETE!



THE PLACE IS DOUSED... NOW TO STRING OUT A WIRE TO GIVE ME SOME ELBOW ROOM! THE VAPOR FROM THAT LIQUID IS SO POWERFUL THAT THE WHOLE SHEBANG'LL GO UP THE MINUTE I LIGHT THIS FUSE!

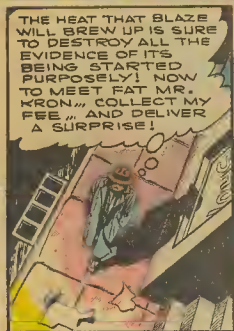




THERE SHE GOES! AS SOON AS THE FLAME GETS NEAR THAT VAPOR ...



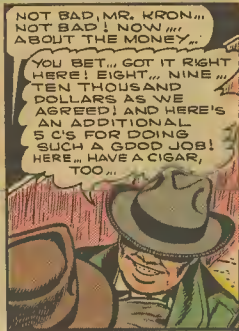
... THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT! HEH HEH! LISTEN TO IT SIZZLE!



THE HEAT THAT BLAZE WILL BREW UP IS SURE TO DESTROY ALL THE EVIDENCE OF ITS BEING STARTED PURPOSELY! NOW TO MEET FAT MR. KRON ... COLLECT MY FEE ... AND DELIVER A SURPRISE!



THAT YOU, MATCH? I HEARD THE FIRE SIRENS ALL OVER TOWN ... YOU MUST'VE STARTED A THREE-ALARM BLAZE!



NOT BAD, MR. KRON ... NOT BAD! NOW ... ABOUT THE MONEY ...

YOU BET ... GOT IT RIGHT HERE! EIGHT ... NINE ... TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AS WE AGREED! AND HERE'S AN ADDITIONAL 5 C'S FOR DOING SUCH A GOOD JOB! HERE ... HAVE A CIGAR, TOO ...



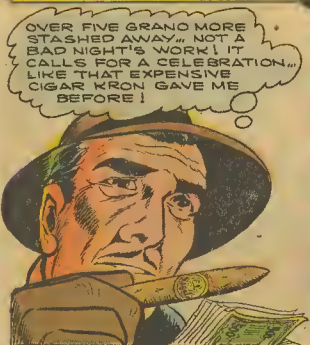
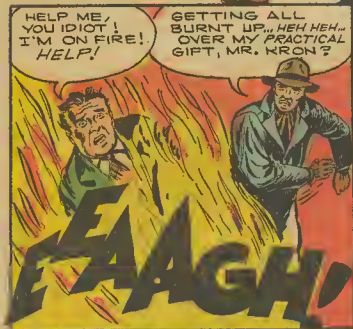
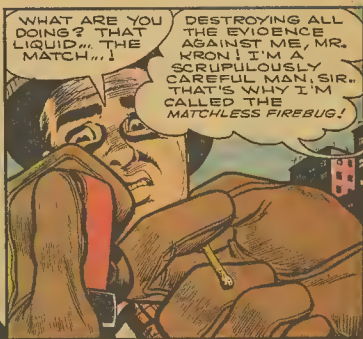
NOW AIN'T THAT NICE, MR. KRON—YOU HAVE A GIFT FOR ME ... AND I HAVE ONE FOR YOU—RIGHT HERE IN THIS BOTTLE!

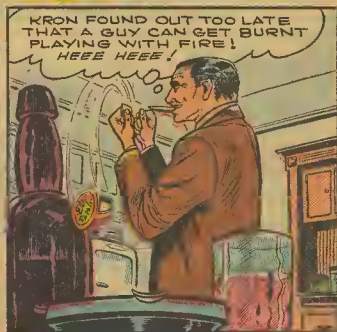
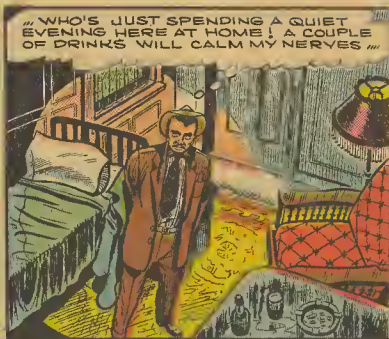
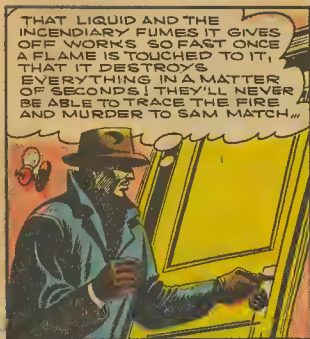
WHAT IS IT—SCOTCH OR BOURBON?



EVEN BETTER THAN WHISKEY! IT'S AUTHENTIC FIRE WATER!

HEY! WHAT—?





THE END

JEB CHESUM WAS WILLING TO KILL HIS PARTNER FOR THE GOLD DUST THEY HAD PROSPECTED TOGETHER...NOW HE HAD DISCOVERED A METHOD FOR BEATING THE LAW HE WAS GOING TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE VANCE MALCOLM WAS THE VICTIM OF A...

TIGHT SQUEEZE

DOWN THERE'S WHERE THEM TWO PROSPECTORS WAS FOUND A COUPLA WEEKS AGO...**MURDERED!** ACCORDING TO WHAT THE SHERIFF OF BOULDER TOWN TOLD ME ON MY LAST TRIP FOR FOOD, THE POOR GUYS WERE ROBBED AND STRANGLED! SEEMS THE KILLERS ARE STILL ROAMING THESE HILLS...

STRANGLED,
EH? AND THE
KILLERS AIN'T
BEEN CAUGHT
YET...?

GIORDANO
ALASCIA

LET'S GET MOVING, JEB...THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS! BESIDES, WE GOT OVER A THOUSAND COLLARS IN GOLD DUST IN OUR SADDLE BAGS!

HOLD ON A MINUTE, VANCE! LET'S WATER THE MULE WHILE WE'RE HERE!

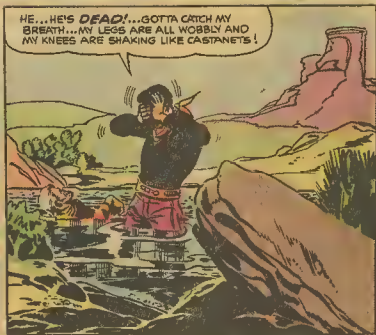
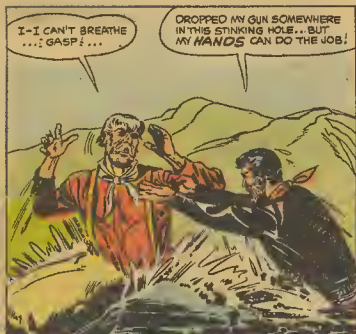
RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, JEB...MIGHT NOT HIT ANOTHER WATER HOLE FOR 50 MILES! C'MON, HERCULES...LET'S GET SOME NICE MUDDY AGUA!

STRANGLED,
WERE THEY? BET I
CAN MAKE IT LOOK LIKE
THEM KILLERS HAVE
STRUCK AGAIN!

Strange SUSPENSE STORIES



Strange SUSPENSE STORIES



Strange SUSPENSE STORIES

BEFORE I DO ANYTHING ELSE I GOTTA BURY THESE SADDLE BAGS WITH OUR GOLD DUST INSIDE, SO'S IT LOOKS LIKE WE WERE **ROBBED**, AFTER I WAS OVER-RUN BY THEM MYSTERIOUS KILLERS!



NOW TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THE THIEVES RUN OFF WITH HERCULES! GET MOVING, ANIMULE!... **SCAT!**



THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE TO BURY THE DUST AS ANY! THAT BIG ROCK OVER YONDER MAKES A FINE MARKER...



VANCE'S RAWHIDE BELT OUGHTTA MAKE A CONVINCING NOOSE! I'LL PULL IT GOOD AND TIGHT SO IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN CHOKED TO DEATH!



I'LL USE MY OWN BELT AROUND MY NECK...TO MAKE IT APPEAR THE KILLERS LEFT US **BOTH** FOR DEAD! UGH...THIS RAWHIDE GETS SLACK WHEN IT'S WET!



A LITTLE TIGHTER...JUST A LITTLE MORE...AND I CAN STILL BREATHE, YET IT'LL LOOK AS IF SOMEONE **MEANT** TO STRANGLE ME **THERE!** WHOEVER FINDS THIS'LL THINK I SURVIVED BY FOOL-**LUCK!**

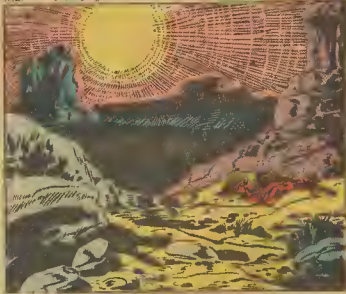


Strange **SUSPENSE STORIES**

LUCKY JEB CHISUM, THEY'LL SAY... HE ESCAPED DEATH BY THE SKIN OF HIS NECK! THEN, A WEEK FROM NOW, I'LL AMBLE ON BACK HERE AND DIG UP MY GOLD DUST... AND NO ONE'LL BE ANY THE WISER! WHIEW... I'M POOPED! THINK I'LL STRETCH OUT HERE IN THE SUN AND CATCH ME A LITTLE SNOOZE!

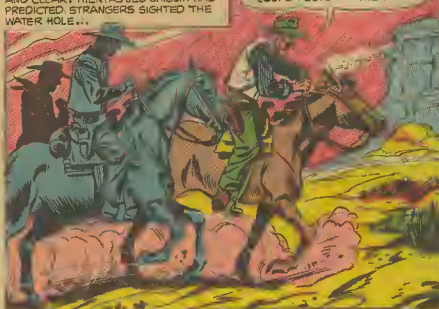


EXHAUSTED BY HIS STRUGGLE, JEB CHISUM FELL ASLEEP UNDER THE HOT DESERT SUN. THE HOURS PASSED... THE MEN'S CLOTHING DRIED... AND STILL THERE WAS NO MOVEMENT THERE BESIDE THE WATER HOLE...



THE FOLLOWING MORNING DAWNED HOT AND CLEAR. THEN, AS JEB CHISUM HAD PREDICTED, STRANGERS SIGHTED THE WATER HOLE...

DOWN THERE... LOOKS LIKE A COUPLA GUYS ON THE SAND.



H-HOPE IT'S NOT A COUPLA MORE VICTIMS OF THEM KILLERS WHO MURDERED THOSE PROSPECTORS A FEW WEEKS BACK!

WE BETTER GET DOWN THERE FAST AND FIND OUT! GIDYAPPP!



DEAD... BOTH OF 'EM! STRANGLED JUST LIKE THEM OTHER PROSPECTORS... BUT IN A DIFFERENT SORT OF WAY!



THIS TIME THE KILLERS USED WET RAWHIDE AROUND THEIR VICTIMS' THROATS! WHEN THE HOT SUN DRIED THE RAWHIDE... IT TIGHTENED AND CHOKED THOSE POOR FELLOWS TO DEATH! AN APACHE STUNT... THOSE ROBBERS ARE SURE CLEVER... AND DEADLY AS SIN!



The End (5)

BURNING REVENGE

Mory Forrel looked at the clock above the counter. It was 11:15 and time for her to quit. She walked behind the counter and took off her apron.

"How about a date one of these evenings?" asked Pete Wolsh, the short-order cook. "I know a nice little tavern up the highway that stays open to three in the morning. The proprietor is a friend of mine."

There was a look of disgust on Mory Forrel's face as she put on her coat. The short-order cook just wouldn't take no for an answer, no matter how she spelled it out for him.

"Get wise to yourself, Pete," she replied. "I got a fellow. He comes from the Big City, and he's the jealous kind of a guy. If I went out with you, something might happen."

Mory Forrel left the one lunch wagon, which was the pride and joy of Hommersville. She walked down the corner and turned to the right. A car was parked there with the lights out. The door opened, and she slid right in next to the driver. George Gates stepped on the starter, and the car soon was on its way along the lone main street. There was a possenger in back. Ralph Rice always took orders from George, so he said nothing as George spoke.

"Got all the stuff about this Clark fellow? Has he got dough or is it just big talk?"

"He's got the dough, o.k." snopped back Mory Forrel. "He asked me if I wanted to be his housekeeper. He has more than twenty thousand dollars in the local bank and thousands hidden away in that old house of his. But I tell you this John Clark is crooked in the upper story. All he talks about is spirits from the other world. Says that they advise him about what to do. He knows that I will accept the position as his housekeeper."

"That's just what you are going to do," grinned George Gates. "If you find out where the money is hidden, we'll just relieve him of it. If not, then we'll have to burn his little toes



— just like we did with that fellow down in 'Konsos."

There was a sign in the one lunch wagon of Hommersville. It read: "Waitress Wanted." For Mory Forrel had quit her job and now was the housekeeper for a man in his late sixties. John Clark was a small, thin bald-headed man. Both his eyes were sunken back into his skull. He would sit before a small table on which there was a round crystal.

"The spirits come and visit me and tell me what to do," he was saying to Mory Forrel. "Last week I made three-hundred dollars. All I did was to buy a certain stock, and it went up."

Mory Forrel was sick and tired of listening to such nonsense. Yet she had been unable to find where the money was hidden. She heard the horn of an automobile sound three times. That was the agreed signal. She left the living room and opened the door. It was late at night. George Gates and Ralph Rice entered.

"He's in there peeping into his pet crystal ball, the old fool," said Mory Forrel. "You'd think the spirits would have at least warned him of the danger. You'll have to give him the hot foot treatment. I can't stand him any longer."

John Clark slid down into his chair, as he noticed the two uninvited visitors who had walked into his living room. And the fact that one had a very large automatic in his right hand didn't escape his observation.

Strange SUSPENSE STORIES

"Please put away that gun, Mr. George Gates," he said in a low tone of voice. "And tell that goon of yours, Ralph Rice, to close his mouth. It annoys me."

Mary Forrel was as surprised as were her two friends. The unexpected turn of events for the moment took away the initiative. But George Gates quickly recovered himself.

"So you know our names, wise guy. Then you probably know why we are here."

"To get my money," was the fast reply. "If I give it to you peacefully, you'll shoot me before you leave. If not, then you will torture me — burn my toes the way you did with that fellow down in Kansas, or try to cut my fingers as you did out in Wyoming. And you actually buried a man alive in Georgia. The three of you are fiends in human flesh."

Ralph Rice's two eyes almost popped out of his head as he listened to the little man speak.

"This guy must be a mind reader," he warned his pal.

"Or somebody told him all about us," suggested George Gates. "But he is human like the rest. We'll give him the works and get his dough."

"Just one correction," suggested John Clark. "I am not human like the rest. I'm not even a human being. I died yesterday at four in the afternoon while fishing on the left bank of Henderson Creek. My body is still there and will eventually be found by the sheriff."

"Shut up!" yelled George Gates. "You are getting on my nerves. Hold him tight, Ralph, and I'll take off his shoes. We'll burn his toes unless he tells where the money is hidden."

John Clark laughed as Ralph Rice came closer to him. The old man gave a final warning.

"The spirits were very good to me for years. When I died they asked me to do them a favor: to return to earth and punish you three for all the evil you did. You have, up to the present, escaped the justice of man. Now you will feel the justice that comes from the spirit world."

Ralph Rice started to grab for the old man and then made a terrible discovery. His hands couldn't find the man. It was as though he were just a picture.

"This guy isn't real. It's some kind of a trick."

George Gates became conscious of his heart beat. He could hear it as it became louder and louder. Beads of perspiration were forming on his forehead. There was one way to settle all this. He just pulled the trigger three times. He aimed directly at the head of John Clark. The bullets struck the metal hinges on the door and ricocheted back. Mary Farrel screamed in agony, as the bullets plowed into her body. She slumped to the floor.

"The bullets hit her," Ralph Rice managed to get passed his lips. He was scared stiff. He watched the blood ooze from her and saw her hands become still. It didn't take an expert to see she was dead.

"Let's get out of here," gasped George Gates. "This guy isn't real. He is a spirit."

"Going to leave without trying to find my money," snapped back John Clark. "Look at the picture on the wall. It is going to move. Right behind it is a large hole. And in there you will find thousands of dollars."

The picture moved and both crooks were spellbound. There was a hole in the wall. George Gates inserted his left hand and then screamed in agony as the steel teeth of a trap snapped over it.

"You are caught in a bear trap I used to use years ago," said John Clark. "The only way you can get free is to cut off your hand. Or perhaps you can shoot your hand to pieces."

"Get me out of this, Ralph," pleaded George Gates. "Maybe we are both crazy."

"Maybe you are," retorted Ralph Rice, as he headed for the door. "I'm leaving now — the sooner the better."

"You dirty rat," shouted George Gates. "I should have killed you long ago."

And then, in a fit of temper, he kept an pulling the trigger of his gun until it was empty. The corpse that hit the floor was full of holes. And now, of the three, only one was alive.

"I have to return to the spirit world in a few minutes," announced John Clark. "It was a good feeling to see those evil-doers punished; now you are going to be burned alive. This entire house will be your funeral pyre, and I shall set it of flame."

A passing motorist on highway 17-A saw the flames as they consumed the house. He stopped his car, then realized it would be impossible to enter the flaming building. Later he testified that he heard the screams of a terrified man inside shouting for help. The motorist then drove to the nearest phone, which was located a mile down the road in a gasoline station. When the fire engines finally arrived, the building had been burned to the ground. Three days later the sheriff made his final report.

"There were three bodies inside that place, two men and one woman. Can't ever tell who they were or what they were doing there. The car on the side was a stolen one. Poor John Clark. He had a heart attack while fishing and never knew what happened to his house — or to the poor people inside."

The End

"ACE" MADIGAN WOULD GO ANYWHERE TO PHOTOGRAPH A SPECTACULAR STORY, EVEN INTO...

THE JAWS OF DEATH!

RIO RATO PRESS CLUB

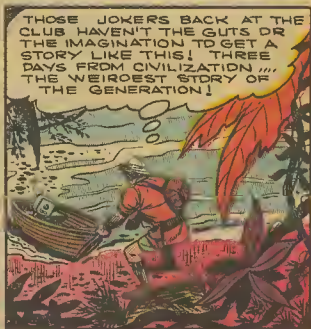
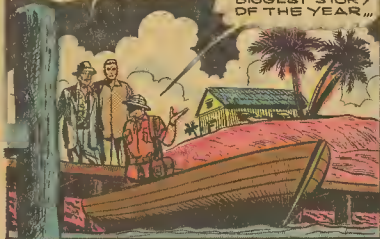
PHOTOGRAPH THE KALANGA DRAGON RITUAL? ARE... ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, OLD MAN?

DOZENS OF OUTSIDERS HAVE TRIED TO GET A LOOK AT THE SHOW, MADIGAN... NOT EVEN THEIR SKELETONS'VE EVER BEEN FOUND!

BE SANE, ACE... THOSE BUSHMEN WILL MURDER YOU THE MINUTE YOU STICK YOUR HEAD IN THEIR VILLAGE!

SAVE YOUR BREATH, BOYS. I'M OFF DOWN-RIVER TO GET THE BIGGEST STORY OF THE YEAR...

THOSE JOKERS BACK AT THE CLUB HAVEN'T THE GUTS OR THE IMAGINATION TO GET A STORY LIKE THIS! THREE DAYS FROM CIVILIZATION... THE WEROEST STORY OF THE GENERATION!

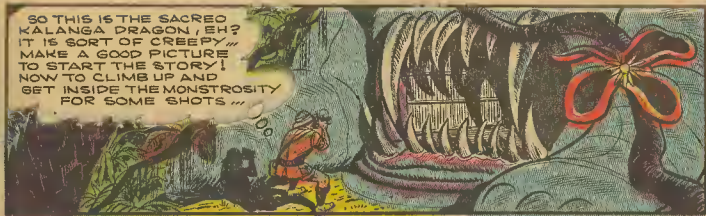


AT LAST... THE KALANGA KRAAL! AND JUST MY LUCK... I COME OUT OF THE JUNGLE RIGHT SMACK IN FRONT OF THE SACRED TEMPLE WHERE THE CEREMONY TAKES PLACE! I'VE GOT TO GET INSIDE... EVEN IF...



"I HAVE TO KILL TO DO IT!"





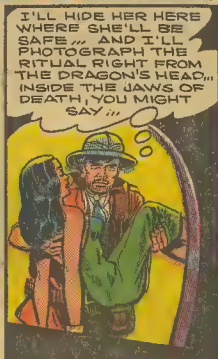
SO THIS IS THE SACRED
KALANGA DRAGON, EH?
IT IS SORT OF CREEPY...
MAKE A GOOD PICTURE
TO START THE STORY!
NOW TO CLIMB UP AND
GET INSIDE THE MONSTROSITY
FOR SOME SHOTS...



ACCORDING TO LEGEND
THE KALANGAS OFFER A
HUMAN SACRIFICE DURING
THIS CER...
WHAT'S THIS?
A GIRL — LOOKS DEAD!



UNCONSCIOUS... SORT
OF HYPNOTIZED! SO
THAT'S WHAT THEY
DO! WELL, OLD ACE
IS CHANGING THE
SCRIPT!



I'LL HIDE HER HERE
WHERE SHE'LL BE
SAFE... AND I'LL
PHOTOGRAPH THE
RITUAL RIGHT FROM
THE DRAGON'S HEAD...
INSIDE THE JAWS OF
DEATH, YOU MIGHT
SAY...



THIS STUFF IS SOCKO!
OUGHT TO MAKE A SIX PAGE
SPREAD IN PEEK OR SQUINT!



THAT MUST BE THE
HEAD MAN OR WITCH
DOCTOR OR SOME-
THING! A HUMAN
SACRIFICE HAS BEEN
OFFERED UP TO THIS
IDOL EVERY YEAR
FOR FIVE CENTURIES!
WELL... THIS IS ONE
TIME THE DRAGON'S
ABOUT TO BE
FOOLED!

Strange SUSPENSE STORIES

MAGNIFICENT STUFF... WHAT ACTUALLY GOES ON AT A NATIVE RITUAL — AS SEEN BY THE IDOL ITSELF! AND TO TOP IT ALL, I'M GYPPIING THE DRAGON OF ITS ANNUAL SACRIFICIAL VICTIM!



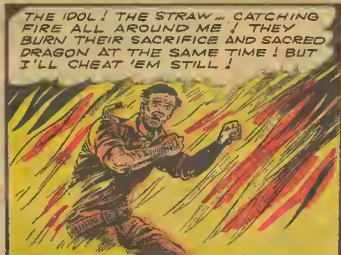
GUESS IT'S COMING TO THE CLIMAX... THE WITCH DOCTOR IS WAVING A TORCH AROUND LIKE MAD! NOW HE'S... NOW HE'S...



"HE'S THROWING THE TORCH UP HERE... RIGHT INTO THE DRAGON'S MOUTH! RIGHT AT ME!"

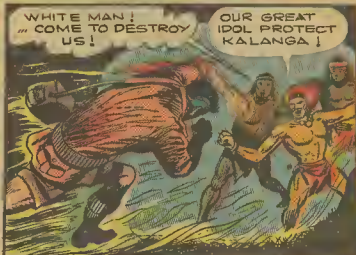


THE IDOL! THE STRAW... CATCHING FIRE ALL AROUND ME! THEY BURN THEIR SACRIFICE AND SACRED DRAGON AT THE SAME TIME! BUT I'LL CHEAT 'EM STILL!



WHITE MAN! COME TO DESTROY US!

OUR GREAT IDOL PROTECT KALANGA!



I TELL YOU... THIS YEAR... LIKE ALWAYS... IT SHALL BE SO... LOOK! WE OFFER SACRIFICE TO DRAGON-GOD OF FIRE... IN USUAL PLACE... THE JAWS OF DEATH!



DEAR READERS...WE'VE JUST FINISHED JUDGING YOUR HUNDREDS OF SOLUTIONS TO OUR RECENT 4-PAGE QUIZ **FACE-TO-FACE**, WHICH APPEARED RECENTLY IN "LAWBREAKERS SUSPENSE". IF WE HAD MORE SPACE, WE'D LIST ALL THOSE WHICH CAME CLOSE--BUT HERE'S THE **WINNER**, SENT IN BY CAROLINE DENVER, OF VILLA TERRACE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA. THE \$10 PRIZE IS HEADED YOUR WAY, CAROLINE!

CAROLINE DENVER'S SOLUTION TO... **FACE to FACE!**

I'VE COME FOR MONEY...
AND VENGEANCE! NO RAT...
NOT EVEN MY OWN BROTHER
...GETS AWAY WITH WHAT
YOU PULLED!

W-WAIT, PAUL! L-LISTEN
...I'M IN HOT WATER.
MYSELF! WE...WE'LL
SPLIT MY DOUGH AND
ESCAPE TOGETHER! W-WE...
ARGHHHH!



PAUL AJAX HAS JUST ESCAPED FROM PRISON AND BARGED INTO THE APARTMENT OF HIS TWIN BROTHER, QUENTIN...WHOSE TESTIMONY HELPED CONVICT PAUL! QUENTIN, GETTING READY TO FLEE FROM ANOTHER MAN HE HAS DOUBLE-CROSSED, IS STARTLED TO SEE THIS DREADED SHADOW FROM HIS PAST...

FACE to FACE

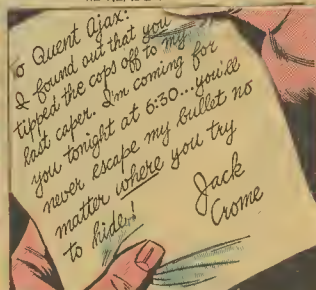
T-THAT'S RIGHT...THIS IS PAU...ER **QUENTIN** AJAX! CALL A TAXI AND HAVE THE CAB DRIVER COME RIGHT UP TO MY ROOM AS SOON AS HE GETS HERE! I-**I'M IN A HURRY!**



SO LONG, DOUBLE-CROSSER! FROM NOW ON I'LL BE QUENTIN AJAX AND...HEY! WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY BEING IN HOT WATER? BETTER LOOK AROUND THIS DUMP...



IN A QUICK SEARCH, PAUL AJAX FINDS AN ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO HIS BROTHER. RIPPING IT OPEN HE READS ...



W-WITH THE DRIVER ALONGSIDE ME, MEBBE CROME WON'T RISK TAKING A SHOT! THE...THE DOOR... SOMEONE RATTLING THE KNOB!



Strange **SUSPENSE STORIES**



I-IT CAN'T BE THE CAB DRIVER...
WHOEVER IT **IS** HAS A **MASTER-KEY!** IT MUST BE THE COPS...
OR JACK CROME!



T-THERE'S NO PLACE TO HIDE
...NO TIME TO GET AWAY!
I'M TRAPPED LIKE A RAT
WITHOUT...**G-GOOD GOD!**
N-NO...NO!

DIDN'T
EXPECT TO
SEE **ME**,
DID YOU?



THE PARAPET TWO FLOORS BELOW BROKE
MY FALL...KEPT ME FROM FALLING TO MY
DEATH! YOU TRIED TO KILL ME, PAUL...
AND FAILED!



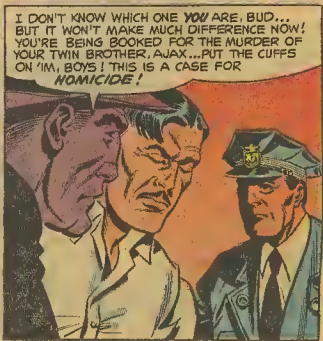
NOW IT'S
MY TURN!

P-PLEASE...
AIEEE!



I'VE GOT TO CLEAR OUTA
HERE BEFORE JACK
CROME...**ULP!** THE...
THE **COPS!** MY ONLY
CHANCE IS ...
UGHHH!

WE TRAILED PAUL AJAX HERE
AFTER HE BROKE OUT OF
PRISON...SEEMED LIKE A
NATURAL FOR HIM TO HEAD
STRAIGHT FOR HIS TWIN
BROTHER'S APARTMENT!



I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE **YOU** ARE, BUD...
BUT IT WON'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE NOW!
YOU'RE BEING BOOKED FOR THE MURDER OF
YOUR TWIN BROTHER, AJAX...PUT THE CUFFS
ON 'IM, BOYS! THIS IS A CASE FOR
HOMICIDE!

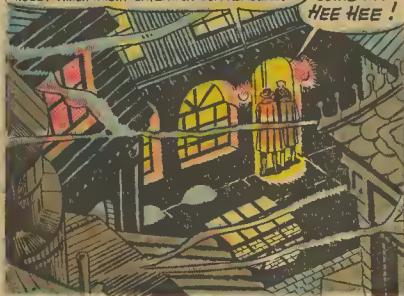
ON THE WEIRD LITTLE HOUSE ON THE DEAD-END STREET, IN LONDON, LIVED THE OLD MAN KNOWN AS ... MR. MORD. IT WAS HIS GROTESQUE HOBBY WHICH BROUGHT THE INQUISITIVE NEWSPAPERMEN... A HOBBY WHICH SEEMED TO INDICATE THAT MR. MORD'S PREDICTIONS OF THE FUTURE HAD AN UNCANNY WAY OF PROVING...



DEAD RIGHT!

I'M SAM DRAKE OF THE HERALD-NEWS, MR. MORD ... HEARD A REPORT THAT YOU'VE GOT A STRANGE HOBBY WHICH MIGHT ENTERTAIN OUR READERS!

YES! COME IN, GENTLEMEN... COME IN! HEE HEE!



MY HOCUS-FOCUS MAN HERE IS KEN KARL, LIKE TO GET SOME INFORMATION FROM YOU, WHILE KEN SNAPS SOME PICTURES OF YOUR JO... ER... HOME!

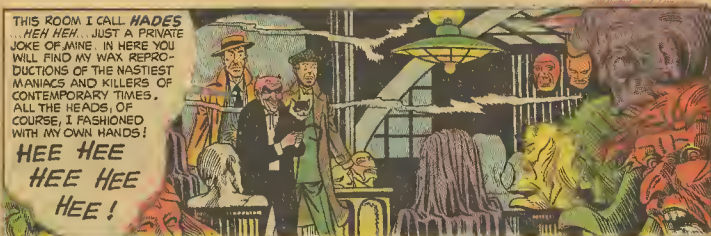
WE'D BE DELIGHTED, WOULDN'T WE, MEPHISTOPHELES? COME!

HEE HEE!



THIS ROOM I CALL **HADES**...
HEH HEH... JUST A PRIVATE
JOKE OF MINE. IN HERE YOU
WILL FIND MY WAX REPRO-
DUCTIONS OF THE NASTIEST
MANIACS AND KILLERS OF
CONTEMPORARY TIMES.
ALL THE HEADS, OF
COURSE, I FASHIONED
WITH MY OWN HANDS!

HEE HEE
HEE HEE
HEE!



THIS HEAD, FOR INSTANCE... ANGELA
TRENT... ELECTROCUTED FOR THE
MURDER OF TEN LOVERS! HERE IS
BRENT HASTINGS, POISONED HIS WIFE
AND CHILDREN... MR. KARL... GO
RIGHT AHEAD AND SNAP ANY
PICTURES YOU DESIRE!



H-HUH?
OH...YEAH...
SURE!

I HAVE CAPTURED THE EVIL
FACIAL CHARACTER OF EVERY
KILLER OF CONSEQUENCE IN THE
PAST 25 YEARS! **MR. KARL**
STAY AWAY FROM THERE!



I DON'T RECALL
SEEING **THAT**
FACE BEFORE,
MR. MORD...
OUTSIDE A ZOO!
WHO IS HE?

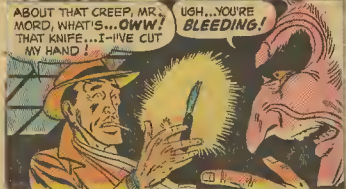
A WORK OF IMAGI-
NATION, YOU MIGHT
CALL IT...YES, IMAGI-
NATION... IT RE-
LAXES ME - BUT
COME. THERE ARE
MANY MORE HEADS
TO SEE!



I WANT A SHOT OF
THAT GROTESQUE
HEAD THE OLD IDIOT
WORKED ON FOR
RELAXATION! **GOOD!**
KARL CAUGHT MY HIGH-
SIGN... NOW TO DIS-
TRACT MORD'S ATTEN-
TION! - THIS KNIFE!
- I GOT IT!

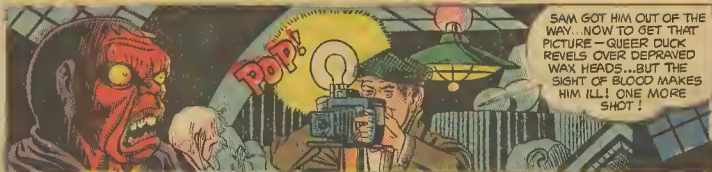
ABOUT THAT CREEP, MR.
MORD, WHAT'S... **OWW!**
THAT KNIFE... I- I'VE CUT
MY HAND!

UGH...YOU'RE
BLEEDING!



I CAN'T STAND THE
SIGHT OF BLOOD!
COME INTO THE
NEXT ROOM... WE'LL
BANDAGE THAT
WOUND!





SAM GOT HIM OUT OF THE WAY...NOW TO GET THAT PICTURE—QUEER DUCK REVELS OVER DEPRAVED WAX HEADS...BUT THE SIGHT OF BLOOD MAKES HIM ILL! ONE MORE SHOT!

THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME AND COURTESY, MR. MORD...IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU AND MEPHISTOPHELES!

WE HAVE ENJOYED YOUR VISIT, GENTLEMEN. PERHAPS WE'LL MEET AGAIN SOMETIME! **HEE HEE!**



WITH A FEELING OF DREAD, THE NEWSPAPERMEN HURRIED TO THE HERALD-NEWS' OFFICE, WHERE THE BIZARRE STORY WAS WRITTEN AND PHOTOGRAPHS DEVELOPED, THE NEXT DAY...

THIS STORY LOOKS INTERESTING, BOYS...THIS OLD NUT'S QUEER HOBBY OUGHT TO MAKE A LURID 2-PAGE SPREAD. AND THESE PICTURES...**BRRR!**



HERE'S ANOTHER, CHIEF...THE FINAL TOUCH TO THE YARN. IT'S HIS WORK OF IMAGINATION!

WE'RE RUNNING A NEWSPAPER...NOT A HORROR MAGAZINE! THAT THING RAISES GOOSE PIMPLES... 'SCUSE ME, BOYS!

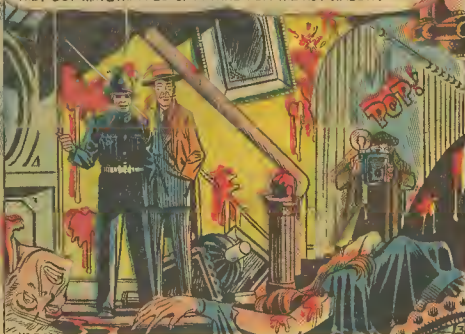


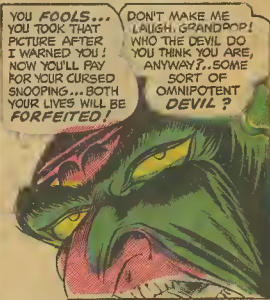
WHAT? SOME GOON WENT BERSERK—AXED HIS WHOLE FAMILY IN RIVER PLACE! GET AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KILLER AND PLENTY OF GORY PICTURES—STEP ON IT, SAM!

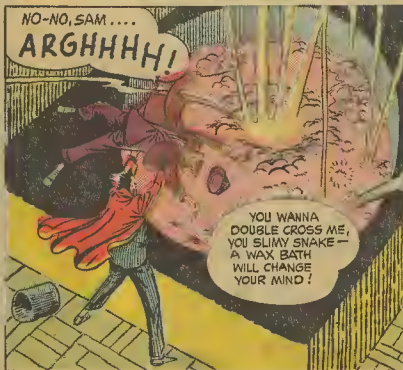


A FEW MINUTES LATER, A BLOOD-CHILLING SIGHT GREETED THE TWO REPORTERS

THIS KILLER IS SORT OF AN IMBECILE. THE FAMILY KEPT HIM LOCKED UP IN A ROOM, ALL BY HIMSELF! AN HOUR AGO HE BUSTED LOOSE AND WENT TO WORK ON EVERYBODY IN SIGHT WITH AN AX HE PICKED UP. THEY GOT HIM STRAPPED UP WAITING FOR THE NUT WAGON!







WHO'S THA--NO! IT--IT CAN'T
BE--I KILLED YOU, I STABBED
YOU TO DEATH! **YOU'RE DEAD,**
YOU'RE DEAD,

YOU DEVIL!

STUPID MORTAL--I PREDICTED
THAT BOTH OF YOU WOULD FOR-
FEIT YOUR LIVES, AND I'M
NEVER WRONG! **HEH HEH!**

WELL, MEPHISTOPHELES, DON'T YOU
THINK THE TIME HAS COME FOR
MR. DRAKE TO MAKE A CONTRIBUTION
TO OUR LITTLE COLLECTION?
HEE HEH!



STRUGGLING WILL AVAIL YOU
NOTHING, JOURNALIST... THAT
BOILING WAX IS CLOGGING YOUR
MOUTH AND BURNING YOUR
FLESH... IN ANOTHER MOMENT
YOU WILL BE DEAD! **HEH**
HEE HEH!



ANOTHER MURDER ADDED TO MY
MONSTROUS COLLECTION... THE
HEAD OF THE CREATURE WHO
DARED TO CALL ME **DEVIL!** IT
WOULDN'T BE RIGHT FOR A MERE
MORTAL TO REALIZE WHO I
ACTUALLY AM... HEH HEH
HEE HEH!



The End

Now! The Amazing Facts about

BALDNESS

...AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT



The following facts are brought to the attention of the public because of a widespread belief that nothing can be done about hair loss. This belief has no basis in medical fact. Worse, it has condemned many men and women to needless baldness by their neglect to treat certain accepted causes of hair loss.

There are six principal types of hair loss, or alopecia, as it is known in medical terms:

1. Alopecia from diseases of the scalp
2. Alopecia from other diseases or from an improper functioning of the body
3. Alopecia of the aged (senile baldness)
4. Alopecia areata (loss of hair in patches)
5. Alopecia of the young (premature baldness)
6. Alopecia at birth (congenital baldness)

Senile, premature and congenital alopecia cannot be helped by anything now known to modern science. Alopecia from improper functioning of the body requires the advice and treatment of your family physician.

BUT MANY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES NOW BELIEVE A SPECIFIC SCALP DISEASE IS THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF HAIR LOSS.

This disease is called Seborrhea and can be broadly classified into two clinical forms with the following symptoms:

1. **DRY SEBORRHEA:** The hair is dry, lifeless, and without gloss. A dry flake dandruff is usually present with accompanying itching. Hair loss is considerable and increases with the progress of this disease.
2. **OILY SEBORRHEA:** The hair and scalp are oily and greasy. The hair is slightly sticky to the touch and has a tendency to mat together. Dandruff takes the form of head scales. Scalp is usually itchy. Hair loss is severe with baldness as the end result.

Many doctors agree that to NEGLECT these symptoms of DRY and OILY SEBORRHEA is to INVITE BALDNESS.

Seborrhea is believed to be caused by three germ organisms — staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, and acnes bacillus.

These germs attack the sebaceous gland causing an abnormal working of this fat gland. The hair follicle, completely surrounded by the enlarged diseased sebaceous gland, then begins to atrophy. The hair produced becomes smaller and smaller until the hair follicle dies. Baldness is the inevitable result. (See illustration.)

But seborrhea can be controlled, particularly in its early stages. The three germ organisms believed to cause seborrhea, can and should be eliminated before they destroy your normal hair growth.

A post-war development, Comate Medicinal Formula kills these three germ organisms on contact. Proof of Comate's germ-killing properties has been demonstrated in laboratory tests recently conducted by one of the leading testing laboratories in America. (Complete report on file and copies are available on request.)

When used as directed, Comate Medicinal Formula controls seborrhea—stimulates the flow of blood to the scalp—helps stop scalp itch and burn—improves the appearance of your hair and scalp—helps STOP HAIR LOSS due to seborrhea. Your hair looks more attractive and alive.

You may safely follow the example of thousands who first were skeptical, then curious, and finally decided to avail themselves of Comate Medicinal Formula.



DESTRUCTION OF HAIR FOLLICLES

Caused By Seborrhea

A — Dead hairs; B — Hair-destroying bacteria; C — Hyperthrophied sebaceous glands; D — Atrophic follicles.

A Few of the Many Grateful Expressions By Users of Comate Medicinal Formula

"My hair was coming out for years and I tried everything. Nothing stopped it until I tried Comate. Now my hair has stopped coming out. It looks so much thicker. My friends have noticed my hair and they all say it looks so much better." —Mrs. R.E.J., Stevenson, Ala.

"Your hair formula got rid of my dandruff; my head does not itch any more. I think it is the best of all of the formulas I have used." —E.E., Hamilton, Ohio.

"Your formula is everything you claim it to be and the first 10 days trial freed me of a very bad case of dry seborrhea." —J.E.M., Long Beach, Calif.

"I do want to say that just within five days I have obtained a great improvement in my hair. I do want to thank you and the Comate Laboratories for producing such a wonderful and amazing formula." —M.M., Johnstown, Pa.

"I have found almost instant relief. My itching has stopped with one application." —J.N., Stockton, Calif.

"My hair looks thicker, not falling out like it used to. Will not be without Comate in the house." —R.W., Lonsdale, R. I.

"I haven't had any trouble with dandruff since I started using Comate." —L.W.W., Galveston, Tex.

"This formula is everything if not more than you say it is. I am very happy with what it's doing for my hair."

"I, J. Las Cruces, New Mexico
"I find it stops the itch and retards the hair fall. I am thankful for the help it has given me in regard to the terrible itchiness." —R.D.L., Philadelphia, Pa.

"The bottle of Comate I got from you has done my hair so much good. My hair has been coming out and breaking off for about 2 1/2 years. It has improved so much." —Mrs. J.E., Lisbon, Ga.

Today these benefits are available to you just as they were to these sincere men and women when they first read about Comate. If your hair is thinning, over-dry or over-oily—if you are troubled with dandruff with increasing hair loss—you may well be guided by the laboratory tests and the experience of thousands of grateful men and women.

Remember, if your hair loss is due to Seborrhea, Comate CAN and MUST help you. If it is due to causes beyond the reach of Comate Medicinal Formula, you have nothing to lose because our GUARANTY POLICY assures the return of your money unless delighted. So why delay when that delay may cause irreparable damage to your hair and scalp. Just mail the coupon below.

© 1950 Comate Laboratories Inc., 18 West 45 Street, N.Y. 36, N.Y.

COMATE LABORATORIES INC., DEPT. 6644K 18 West 45 Street, N.Y. 36, N.Y.

Please rush my bottle (30-days supply) of Comate Hair and Scalp Formula in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied or you guarantee refund of my money upon return of bottle and unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find \$5.00. Send postpaid. (Check, cash, money order.)

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$5.00 plus postal charges.

Name

Address

City Zone State

APO, FPO, Canada and Foreign—No C.O.D.'s

\$100,000 RING SALE

SELLING ENTIRE LOT — SAVINGS TO 60%!

ANY YOUR RING CHOICE

1.98

Tax Paid

IMPORTED SIMILE STONES!

Get them go—every ring in stock—at the incredibly low price of 1.98—while supply lasts! Do not confuse with cheap, gaudy variety. These are superbly executed rings by jewelry craftsmen—real masterpieces of design! All are Simile stones, quality made in Europe!

Wear any ring 5 days at our risk! You must be delighted or your money comes back! **RUSH ORDER TODAY** with thin strip of paper to show ring size. Get several for gifts—while this amazing offer holds good!



The Windsor

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